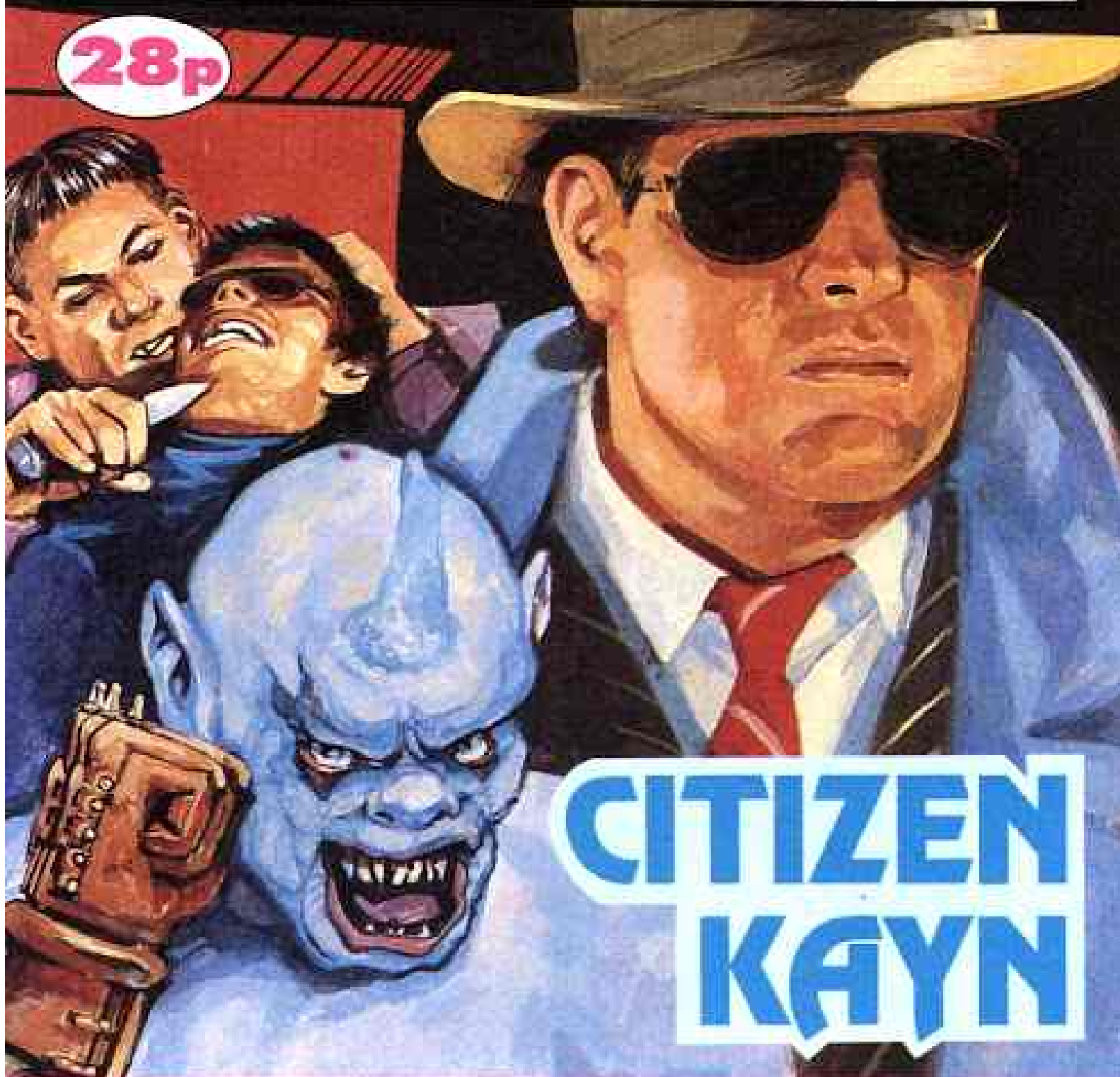


STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES No. 207

28p



CITIZEN KAYN

1 STORY A MIKAL R. KAYN STORY A MIKAL R. KAYN STORY

**DON'T FORGET THIS
MONTH'S *OTHER***



On sale at your newsagent's *NOW!*

CITIZEN KAYN

THE NAME'S MIKAL R. KAYN. PRIVATE INVESTIGATION IS MY GAME. MY OFFICE COMPUTER COST ME AN ARM AND A LEG, AND IT'S WELL LOOKED AFTER — HOW DOES IT REPAY ME? WITH BAD NEWS...

YOUR INVESTIGATOR LICENCE IS DUE FOR RENEWAL, MIKAL. ESSENTIAL YOU MAKE IMMEDIATE APPLICATION TO CENTRAL JUDICIARY...

IS IT THAT TIME ALREADY! I WONDER IF YOU GET A REBATE FOR LACK OF USE?





A SHORT PERIOD DELIVERING SUMMONSES. AFTER SIX MONTHS WE REVIEW YOUR CASE.

YOU CALL THAT A CHOICE?

SO I BECAME A PROCESS SERVER! WEAR A SIGN AROUND YOUR NECK SAYING "HIT ME" OR GO JAY-WALKING ON A RACE-TRACK, BUT DON'T BECOME A PROCESS SERVER! SO, MAYBE I'M A MASOCHIST. BUT I'VE DEVELOPED A HABIT I CAN'T SHAKE — I LIKE TO EAT ...

YOU GET 200 FOR EACH SUMMONS YOU SERVE, KAYN. GOOD MONEY, BUT IT'S NOT EASY. YOU HAVE TO DELIVER IT TO THEM IN PERSON.

MOST OF THE EARNINGS MUST GO ON MEDICAL BILLS!

BUT WITHOUT MY INVESTIGATOR'S LICENCE I CAN'T INVESTIGATE ... SO —

WHA —? HEY! THIS ISN'T THE MENU!

NO, SIR, AND THAT ISN'T YOUR WIFE. HOPE IT DOESN'T SPOIL YOUR APPETITE ...

AND HOW DO YOU SERVE A POP STAR WHO'S SURROUNDED BY BODYGUARDS 90 PER CENT OF THE TIME? YOU TAKE HIM WHEN THE BODYGUARDS AREN'T TOO CLOSE —



I MANAGED WELL ENOUGH AND A SUMMONS
FOR JOHAN DOE WAS JUST ANOTHER
DELIVERY...

WHAT DO
YOU WANT?

SUMMONS,
MR DOE.

I MUST HAVE UPSET HIM.

NOW THAT MAKES ME MAD! YOU'RE
GOING TO TAKE THIS SUMMONS IF I
HAVE TO SHOVE IT UP YOUR NOSE!



HIS FACE WAS FAMILIAR, AND AS THE HAIR ON THE BACK OF MY NECK WAS TWITCHING, I TOOK A MUG SHOT. LIKE A GOOD TOURIST I ALWAYS CARRY A CAMERA.

I REMEMBER YOU FROM SOMEWHERE, PAL! AND IT'S NOT BECAUSE OF YOUR PRETTY BLONDE CURLS! I KNOW I'VE SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE BEFORE ... WAY BACK ...

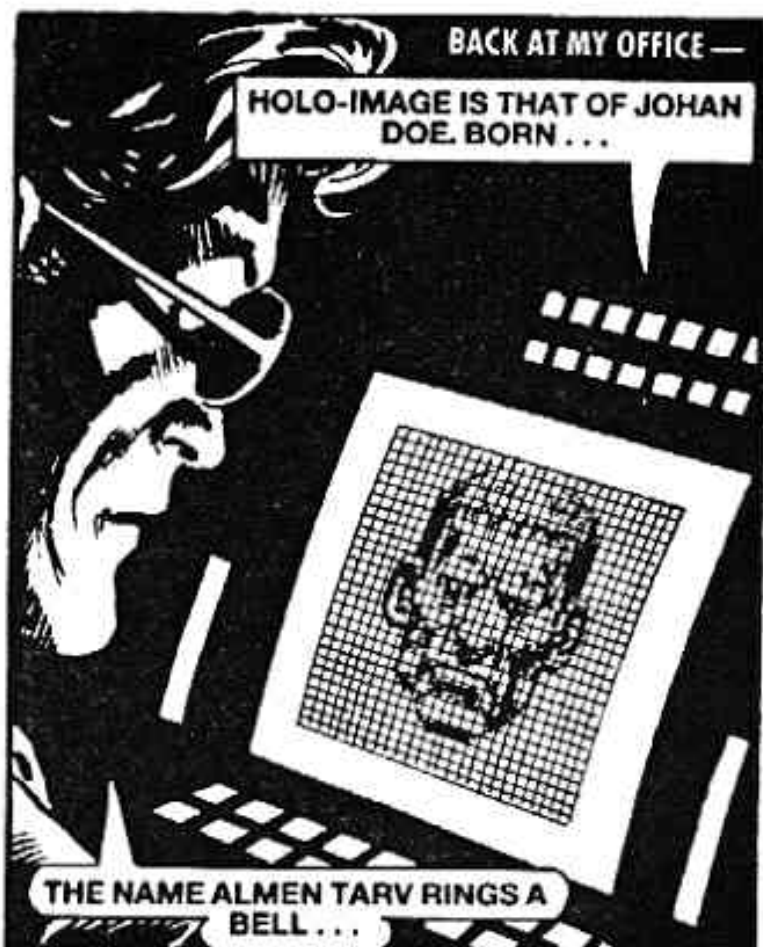


SUMMONS SERVED!



BACK AT MY OFFICE —

HOLO-IMAGE IS THAT OF JOHAN DOE, BORN ...



THE NAME ALMEN TARV RINGS A BELL ...

BUT MY HAIR STILL TWITCHED. I TOOK THE PRINT ALONG TO NEWSMAN RUPERT GRAHAM. WE'RE BUDDIES FROM WAY BACK. HE RAN IT THROUGH THE LIBRARY THEY HAVE AT NEW CENTRAL. HE GOT SO EXCITED AT WHAT HE FOUND OUT — HE BOUGHT ME LUNCH.

I CHECKED OUT ALMEN TARV! HE WAS EXECUTED TWO YEARS AGO ... THEN JOHAN DOE TURNS UP WITH NO PREVIOUS HISTORY. MY COMPUTER INDICATED SIMILARITIES IN HOLO IMAGE.

SO THEY'RE JUST LOOK-ALIKES?

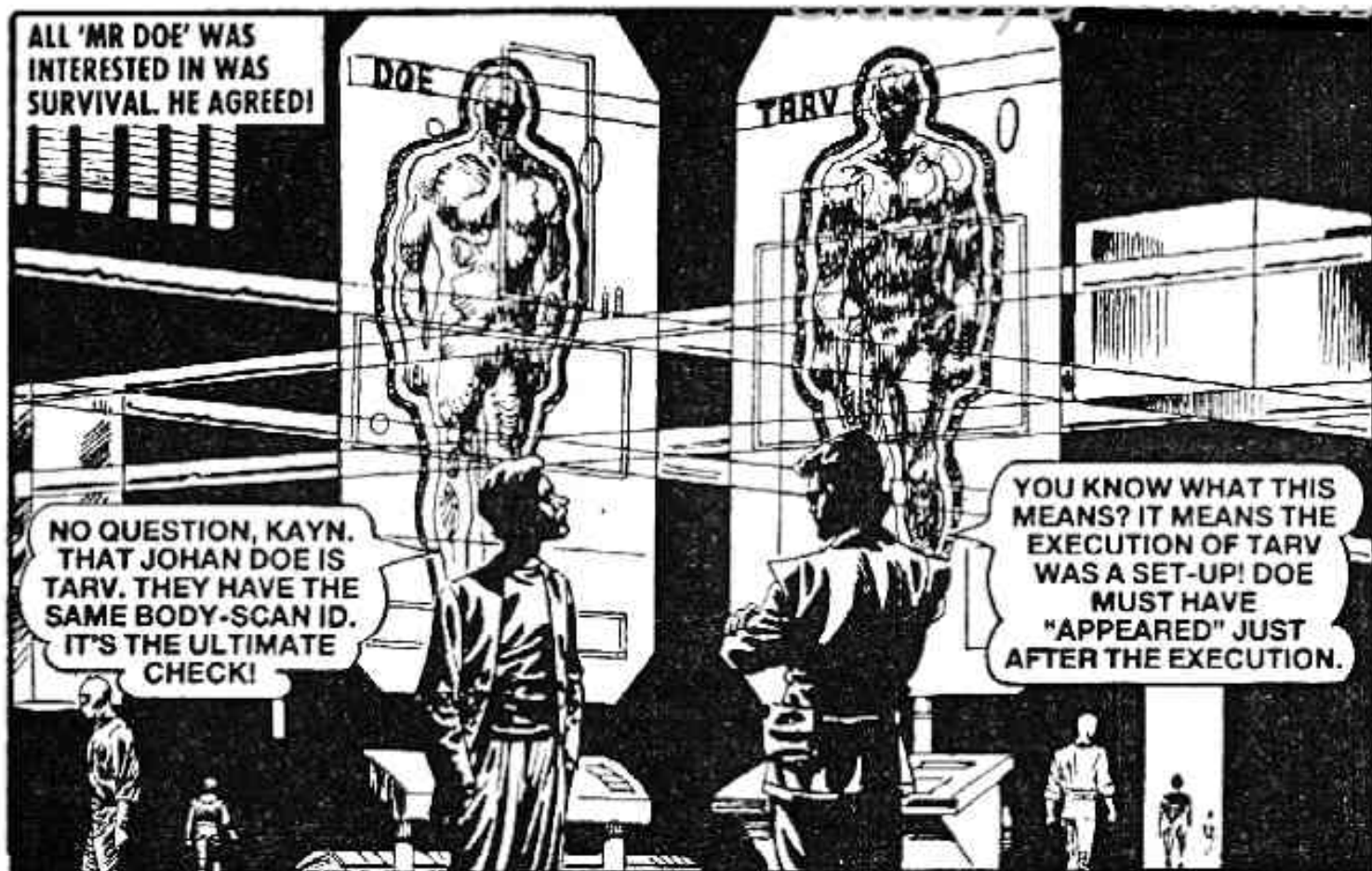
IF THEY ARE, WHY DOESN'T JOHAN DOE HAVE A HISTORY?

OKAY — SO WE CHECK OUT DOE! A SIMPLE BODY-SCAN WOULD IDENTIFY HIM POSITIVELY.

A FEW DAYS LATER, MR JOHAN DOE GOT A SURPRISE.

HEY!! WHAT THE —?

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT! A PROCESS SERVER CALLED HERE. HE'S BEEN TAKEN TO QUARANTINE — RARE DISEASE. WE HAVE TO CHECK OUT EVERYONE HE CALLED ON. PLEASE STRIP!



WE WATCHED TARY TAKEN ABOARD. THE GUARDS RE-EMERGED FROM THE ROCKET.

THREE GUARDS — NOT FOUR! SO HE DIDN'T SNEAK OUT THAT WAY ...

NO WAY HE COULD HAVE COME OUT, KAYN ...

THERE HE GOES! UP INTO SPACE IN A SATELLITE-LAUNCH ROCKET, WHICH IS PLACED IN ORBIT. IT'S THEN DETONATED. A SIMPLE, INEXPENSIVE WAY OF EXECUTING A CONDEMNED MAN, AND GETTING RID OF OLD HARDWARE. NO WAY HE COULD HAVE ESCAPED!

BUT HE DID! WE KNOW HE DID — THOSE BODY-SCANS CAN'T LIE!

WHAT A STORY, KAYN. THIS HAS TO BE CORRUPTION AT THE HIGHEST LEVEL TO PULL A STUNT LIKE THIS. BUT HOW? BETWEEN US WE CAN CRACK THIS!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "WE"? I CAN'T GET INVOLVED IN THIS. THEY WON'T RENEW MY LICENCE. IF I'M CAUGHT DOING ANY KIND OF INVESTIGATION WITHOUT IT...

OKAY! I'VE ENOUGH FOR A STORY. THE MATCHING BODY-SCANS ALONE RAISE A BIG QUESTION-MARK. I DON'T NEED TO BRING YOU INTO IT. I'LL SNIFF AROUND JUSTICE CENTRAL.

I WENT BACK TO SERVING WRITS. RUPERT GOT HIS STORY — ONLY IT WASN'T QUITE WHAT HE HAD IN MIND...

**TOP REPORTER KILLED
IN MYSTERY EXPLOSION.**

LICENCE OR NOT, I WAS DETERMINED TO BLOW THIS THING WIDE OPEN.

RUPERT WAS A LONG TIME FRIEND,
AND HIS WIFE WAS IN MY CLASS AT
SCHOOL.



I SPENT THE REST OF THAT DAY THINKING. THE
NEXT, I CALLED ON RUPERT'S WIDOW —

LOOK, MIKAL ... I'M TOO
UPSET TO SPEAK.



I REALISE THAT, BUT YOU CAN
HELP ME FIND HIS KILLER! AND
YOU CAN DO THAT BY LETTING
ME KILL YOU!

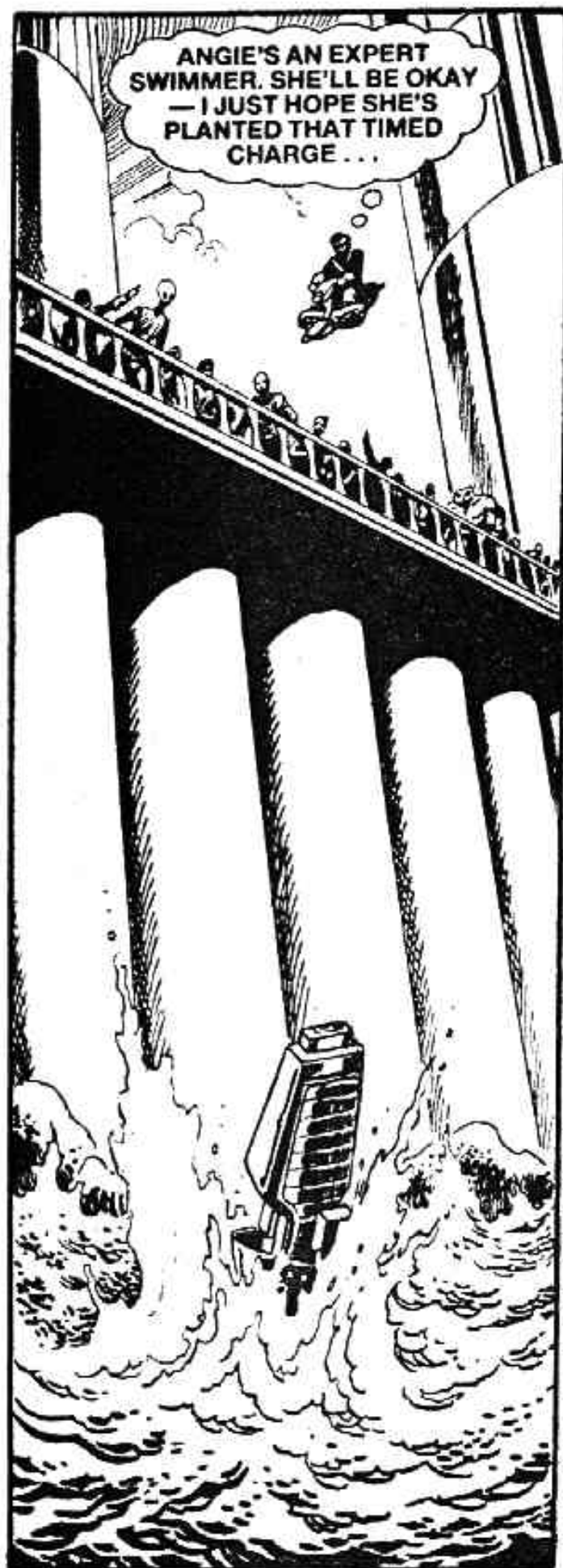
WHAT!! ARE YOU
MAD, MIKAL?



RELAX! YOU'RE PLANNING TO GO BACK
TO YOUR FOLKS. MY IDEA IS TO SET UP
WHAT LOOKS LIKE YOUR MURDER. I TAKE
THE FALL FOR IT, BUT YOU VANISH. YOU
STAY OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL THE DAY OF MY
EXECUTION.







LATER, UNNOTICED BY THE SHOCKED CROWDS, ANGIE CREPT AWAY.

I JUST HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE DOING, MIKAL R. KAYN...
BUT IF YOU CAN NAIL RUPERT'S
MURDERERS WITH THIS CRAZY
SCHEME — MORE POWER TO YOU!

THEY PICKED ME UP IN THE SMALL
HOURS TWO DAYS LATER —

HEY! LET GO
OF ME!

DON'T MAKE IT HARDER
ON YOURSELF, KAYN...

THE TRIAL WAS OVER IN NO TIME. THEY HAD MORE THAN ENOUGH
— I'D SEEN TO THAT. THE SENTENCE WAS A FOREGONE CONCLUSION —

... TO BE EXPLODED IN ORBIT AT
THE NEXT SCHEDULED SATELLITE
LAUNCH.

AND IF MY HUNCH IS WRONG,
THAT'S WHAT'LL HAPPEN!

THE NEXT LAUNCH WASN'T SCHEDULED
FOR TWO MONTHS. I SWEATED OUT THE
TIME...

DON'T GO TO PIECES, KAYN —
NOT HERE — SAVE IT FOR
ORBIT!

THEN A CHILLING THOUGHT
STRUCK ME. RUPERT HAD
BEEN MURDERED AFTER
PROBING JUSTICE
CENTRAL... AND IF MY
THEORY WAS RIGHT,
JUSTICE CENTRAL HAD TO BE
INVOLVED. WHAT HAD I DONE?

JUST MY LUCK TO HAVE A
WARDER WITH A SENSE OF
HUMOUR! IT'S ABOUT TIME
SOMEBODY MADE CONTACT.

I'M NOT A QUITTER, BUT THE NIGHT BEFORE MY EXECUTION I COULDN'T SEE MUCH OF A FUTURE. A PRIEST CAME TO GIVE ME THE LAST RITES.

LEAVE US, FRIEND.

MIKAL R. KAYN — REST IN PIECES!

I COME TO OFFER YOU ETERNAL LIFE ...

LISTEN, DUMMY! I'M HERE TO OFFER YOU LIFE. YOU DON'T BLAST OFF INTO SPACE. A NEW IDENTITY CAN BE ARRANGED IF YOU AGREE TO THE TERMS.

WHAT TERMS?

... OH, YEAH. IT'S A BIT LATE FOR ME TO REPENT.

MY SILENT SIGH OF RELIEF WASN'T VERY SILENT!

THINGS WILL BE PUT IN MOTION! WHEN YOU'RE FREE YOU'LL RECEIVE A LETTER FROM THE LOCAL JUSTICE CENTRE INFORMING YOU OF A FINE. IN YOUR CASE, ONE MILLION CREDITS, REPAYABLE IN MONTHLY INSTALMENTS OF 10,000.

WHAT HAPPENS IF I CAN'T PAY?

YOU'LL BE EXECUTED! BLESS YOU, MY SON.

JUST GET ME OUT!

THE DAY OF EXECUTION ARRIVED. I WAS TAKEN TO THE LAUNCH-PAD, AND NOTHING HAD HAPPENED!

GET IN, KAYN!

THIS IS SOME SICK JOKE. ANGIE MUST TURN UP TO GET ME OUT OF THIS.

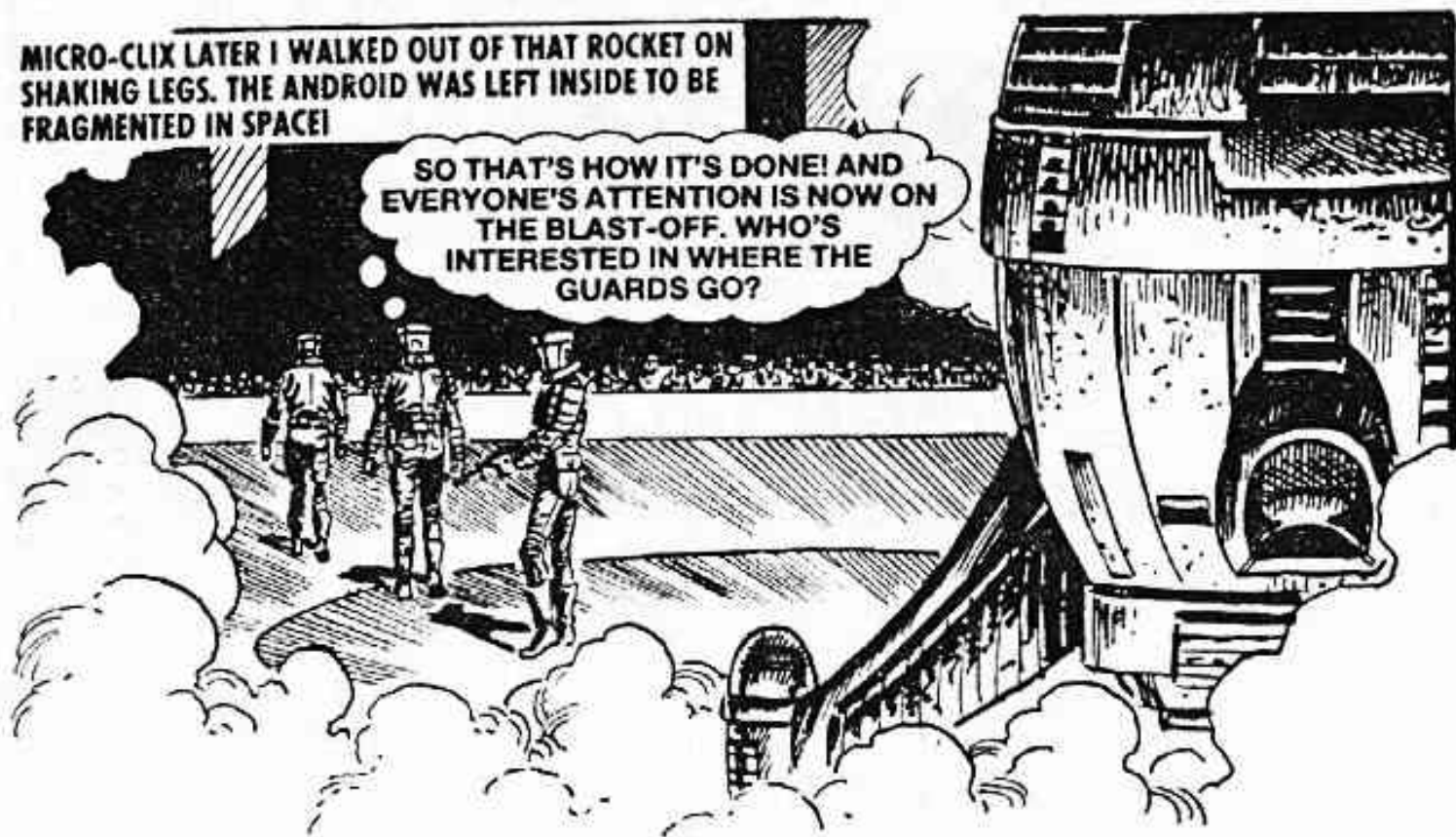
I WAS CURSING ANGIE UPSIDE DOWN, WHEN —

GET INTO THIS GEAR,
KAYN — FAST!

OH, MAN! THAT THIRD GUY IS AN
ANDROID!

MICRO-CLIX LATER I WALKED OUT OF THAT ROCKET ON
SHAKING LEGS. THE ANDROID WAS LEFT INSIDE TO BE
FRAGMENTED IN SPACE!

SO THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE! AND
EVERYONE'S ATTENTION IS NOW ON
THE BLAST-OFF. WHO'S
INTERESTED IN WHERE THE
GUARDS GO?





SUB ATMOSPHERIC FLIGHTS ARE BORING, SO I HAD TIME TO THINK.

JUSTICE CENTRAL IS INVOLVED IN THIS SOMEWHERE BY ISSUING NEW IDENTITIES. WHOEVER RUNS THIS SCHEME KILLED RUPERT BECAUSE HE WAS SNIFFING AROUND. OBVIOUSLY THEY DON'T REALISE I KNOW WHAT I KNOW. AND WHERE DID ANGIE GET TO? SHE WAS MY STAY OF EXECUTION.

IT TOOK ME PRACTICALLY THE WHOLE FLIGHT TO PARVAN CITY TO WORK IT OUT.

SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO ANGIE. IF SHE WAS TIED UP WITH THEM SHE WOULD HAVE TOLD WHO GAVE RUPERT HIS INFORMATION AND I WOULD HAVE BEEN DEAD BY NOW. SO WHY DIDN'T ANGIE TURN UP?



THAT LITTLE PROBLEM STILL UNSOLVED I
HAD TO BECOME MR JACE FARLOW — AND
MR FARLOW HAD TO HAVE A ROOF OVER HIS
HEAD. PITY HE DIDN'T HAVE BETTER TASTE!

FOR THIS KIND OF MONEY I
COULD HAVE RENTED THE TAJ
MAHAL!

YEAH? THINK OF THE
FARES COMMUTING!



NOW I NEEDED A JOB, BUT FIRST —

I HAVE TO KNOW WHO IS IN
THIS SCHEME ...



IN NEW MOSCOW, LARS KORVEN PICKED UP
THE VID PHONE IN HIS OFFICE.



I'D FOUND OUT WHAT I HAD TO KNOW!



I WAS PRETTY SURE KORVEN WOULD CHECK.

KAYN — MIKAL R. KAYN.
HE-HE WAS
EXECUTED, SIR?

MARVIN
HOOP
DIRECTOR

YOU KNOW HE WAS, KORVEN. WE
WATCHED IT LIVE, REMEMBER —
PART OF OUR JOB... WHY?







BUT OBVIOUSLY NOT SORRY ENOUGH BECAUSE
THEY BOTH USED MY BODY AS A PUNCHBAG.
EVENTUALLY THEY DRAGGED ME AWAY.



TULSE TOLD THE HEAVIES TO LEAVE THE ROOM.

WHY DID YOU
CONTACT KORVEN?

I KNEW SOMEBODY BIG WAS
INVOLVED IN THIS ... I PICKED THE
WRONG ONE.



PRETTY SMART, KAYN ...
TOO SMART. BUT BRAINS
ARE AT A PREMIUM HERE.



TULSE PUNCHED OUT A NUMBER. I
TURNED AWAY KIND OF TACTFUL-LIKE,
BUT I WASN'T STUPID ... I WATCHED HIM
THROUGH A MIRROR.

... I'D SAY FARNON HAS
LEARNED HIS LESSON,
SIR. I'M THINKING OF
TAKING HIM ONTO THE
TEAM. HE'S TOUGH AND
EXPERIENCED.



MARVIN HOOP! SO
THAT'S THE TOP MAN!

GOOD IDEA, TULSE. YOU CAN WATCH
HIM. BUT HE STILL PAYS.

AS TULSE TALKED I LOOKED AROUND. I WAS GETTING A GREAT IDEA. SOMETIMES I DO THAT. NOT OFTEN, BECAUSE IT USUALLY LEADS TO TROUBLE.

THAT LIGHT... A LETHAL CROSS-RAY UNDER THE WINDOW-FRAME. BREAK THE CONTACT BETWEEN 'EM AND YOU'RE DEAD — EFFECTIVE ANTI-BURGLAR DEVICE.

I HEARD TULSE CLOSE THE CALL. I WAS THE PICTURE OF INNOCENCE WHEN I TURNED. OLD ANGEL-FACE, THAT'S ME!

YOU START ON TWODAY. YOU'RE ON THE PAYROLL BUT YOU STILL MEET THE PAYMENTS OR ELSE. NOW GO.

SEE YOU TWODAY.

TODAY BEING SIXDAY, I HAD THREE CLEAR DAYS BEFORE CLOCKING ON AS ONE OF TULSE'S HEAVIES.

TIME ENOUGH TO FIND OUT WHAT TULSE HAS IN HIS APARTMENT.

I SPENT SEVENDAY — AND
WHAT LITTLE CASH I HAD —
GETTING A FEW THINGS. I
WAS READY AT NIGHTFALL.

THAT FIELD OF CURRENT IS
LETHAL ... BREAK IT AND I SET OFF
AN ALARM AND FRY! SO ...





WITHIN MICRO-CLIX I WAS WAKING TULSE FROM HIS DREAMS INTO A WAKING NIGHTMARE.



HE WAS SCARED WITLESS, AND HIS BOYS
ALONG THE CORRIDOR DIDN'T KNOW A THING.

YOU — YOU WANT
EVERYTHING!

EVERYTHING!

THEN I SAW TULSE TRY TO COVER
SOMETHING WITH ONE OF HIS FAT,
SWEATY HANDS. I DECIDED TO LET
HIM GO BACK TO SLEEP —

NOW — LET'S SEE WHAT YOU
WERE TRYING TO KEEP FROM
ME, PAL!

A MAGNETIC COMPUTER
MEMORY STORE.



IF YOU DON'T KNOW, MAGNASTORES
ARE SLAPPED ONTO THE SIDE OF A
PERSONAL COMPUTER AND DISPLAY
THEIR STORED CONTENTS THROUGH
MAGNETIC IMPULSE.



NAMES OF ALL THE 'DEAD' MEN —
DETAILS OF PAYMENTS MADE
AND DUE ... BUT THEY'RE ALL
NEW NAMES. IF I COULD MATCH
UP THE NEW NAMES WITH THE
OLD I'D HAVE ALL THE EVIDENCE I
NEED TO NAIL TULSE AND HOOP
FOR GOOD. BUT THIS IS A START!

I DIDN'T STAY. A POLITE GUEST ALWAYS KNOWS
JUST WHEN TO LEAVE ... BACK AT MY ROOMS—



ONCE I'VE MATCHED UP THE NEW
NAMES WITH THE SUPPOSEDLY
DEAD MEN, HOW DO I SMASH THE
RACKET? IF I BLOW IT TOO SOON
THEY'LL JUST VANISH LIKE
SNOWFLAKES ON A HOT RADIATOR.

FUNNILY ENOUGH I GOT MY FIRST 'FINE' THE NEXT DAY. LIKE A GOOD BOY I WENT STRAIGHT TO THE PARVAN CITY JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.

NO ARGUMENTS! I WAS IN THE WRONG AND I ADMIT IT.

VERY SENSIBLE, MR FARNON. I WISH ALL THE OTHERS WERE AS COOPERATIVE.



BUT AS I LEFT—

THE BOSS WANTS TO SEE YOU, FARNON.

BUT I'M NOT DUE TO START UNTIL TWODAY WHAT'S WRONG?



YOU TALK TOO MUCH, THAT'S WHAT'S WRONG. GET ON!

WHEN WE ARRIVED—

WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOU?

NEVER MIND! YOU'RE AN EX-
PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR, KAYN.
YOU CAN DO SOME
INVESTIGATING FOR ME. I WAS
ROBBED LAST NIGHT.

WHY NOT CALL
THE POLICE?

ZIP IT, SMART MOUTH. THE
PUNK TOOK EVERYTHING.

ANY IDEAS WHO IT MIGHT'VE
BEEN? HOW'D HE GET IN
WITHOUT ACTIVATING THE
ALARM SYSTEM? I TAKE IT YOU
HAVE ONE.




ALARM-CHECK BUTTON IS STILL ON, BOSS. MEANS IT'S WORKING.

THEN IT'S AN INSIDE JOB, TULSE.

AN INSIDE JOB! IF I THOUGHT—

COME ON, BOSS! WE WERE ASLEEP. YOU HAD TO WAKE US UP.



APART FROM US, WHO ELSE HAS BEEN IN HERE? THINK. I'LL BET YOU'VE HAD JUST ABOUT EVERY 'DEAD' MAN UP HERE AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER, RIGHT?

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, KAYN?

ONE OF THEM HAS DECIDED TO EARN A FEW CRED\$ BY STEALING FROM YOU. WHAT CAN YOU DO?

FIND HIM, THAT'S WHAT I CAN DO — AND TEAR HIS HEART OUT!

TAKE THE BOYS, KAYN!
INTERVIEW EVERY 'DEAD' MAN
IN PARVAN STATE. FIND HIM!

THAT MEANS YOU HAVE TO
TELL ME WHO THEY ARE AND
WHERE THEY ARE.



TULSE HANDED ME THE NEW NAMES OF EVERY 'DEAD'
MAN IN THE STATE! IT TOOK US FOUR DAYS TO VISIT ALL
OF THEM. WE HEADED BACK TO PARVAN CITY AND THE
WORRIED TULSE.

EVERY ONE OF THEM
HAD AN ALIBI.

THE BOSS ISN'T GONNA
LIKE THIS, KAYN.



HE WASN'T HAPPY—

SO IT WASN'T AN INSIDE JOB! IF THOSE RECORDS GET INTO THE WRONG HANDS WE ALL TAKE A FALL — INCLUDING THE BIG MAN IN NEW MOSCOW! YOU'VE GOT TO FIND THE PUNK, KAYN — AND FAST!

ALL WE NEED DO IS WAIT, TULSE.

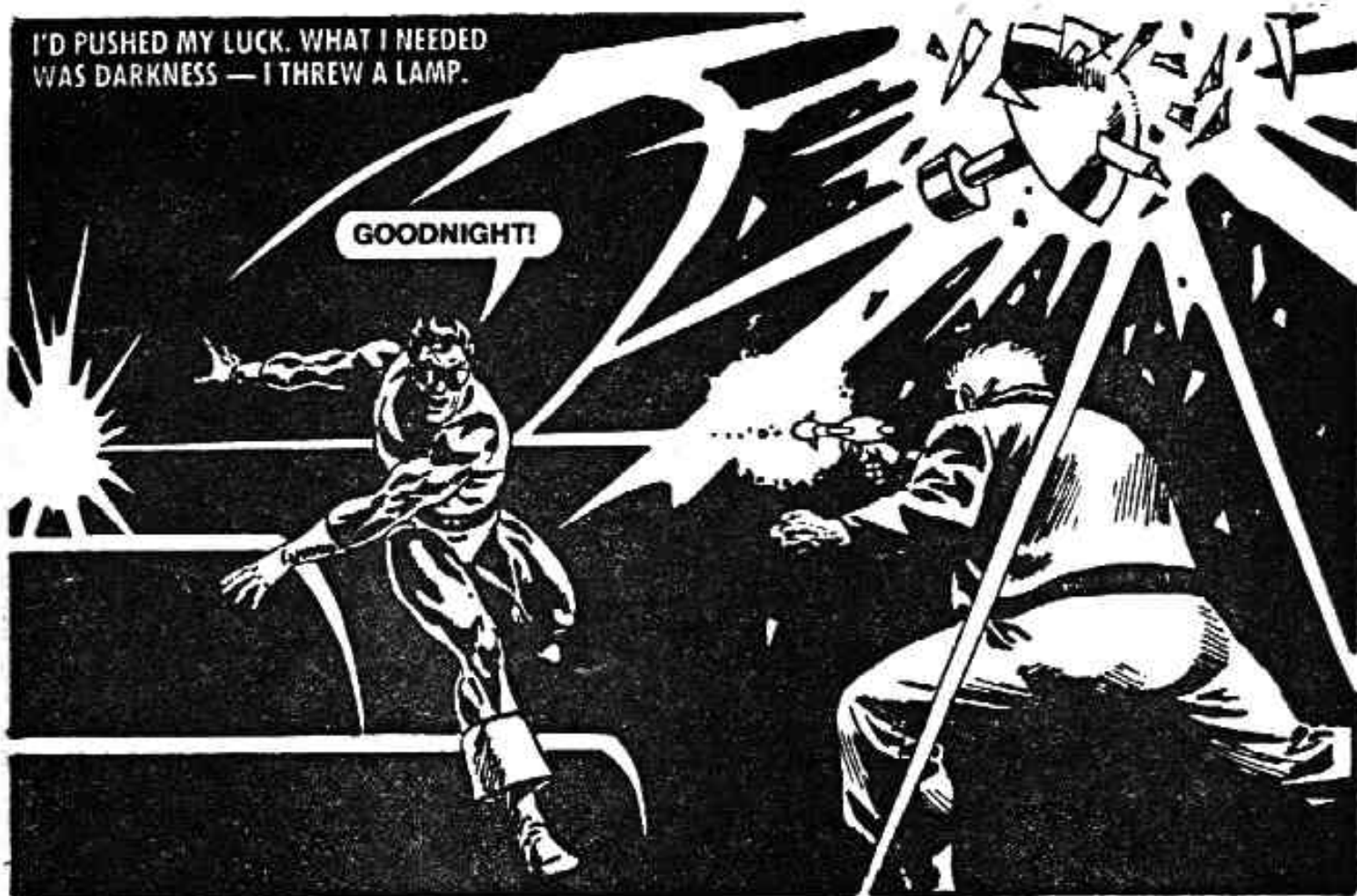
WAIT! ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR ...

WHAT'S SOMEBODY GOING TO DO WITH ALL THE INFORMATION ON YOUR DEALS ... BLACKMAIL YOU! JUST WAIT —



I'D PUSHED MY LUCK. WHAT I NEEDED
WAS DARKNESS — I THREW A LAMP.

GOODNIGHT!



DARKNESS DOESN'T BOTHER ME ...
DUE TO A LITTLE ACCIDENT MY EYES
ONLY FUNCTION IN INFRA-RED
WITHOUT SPECIAL SHADES.

GOT HIM!

IT'S ME, STUPID!
FIND HIM!

WITHOUT MY SHADES I CAN SEE
LIKE A CAT IN THE DARK. THAT
PUTS ME ONE UP. NOW — NO
HEROICS. JUST GET OUT OF THIS
PLACE — AND FAST!



I NOT ONLY SEE LIKE A CAT, I CAN MOVE LIKE ONE. BUT SMART AS I SOMETIMES AM, I GET UNLUCKY. IT WAS THE BIG, BOLD CITY OF PARVAN THAT NAILED ME — AN ADVERT IN GLORIOUS NEON.

ARRGH!

GOT HIM!



TULSE WAS IN A VERY BAD MOOD ...

NOW THIS CREEP IS GOING
TO TELL US JUST WHERE
THOSE RECORDS ARE ...

PLAY POSSUM, KAYN. IF
HE KNOWS YOU'RE
CONSCIOUS, HE'S
GONNA START
HURTING YOU NOW.
BUY TIME, BABY —
YOU'RE GONNA NEED
IT!

PUT HIM ON THAT COUCH,
THEN ONE OF YOU FETCH
SOME WATER. WE CAN'T
WORK ON HIM UNTIL HE'S
CONSCIOUS.

THAT GIVES ME ABOUT HALF-A-
MINUTE TO THINK OF SOMETHING
CUTE ...

SEARCH HIM WHILE HE'S STILL OUT.
I DOUBT IF HE'LL BE CARRYING
THAT MAGNASTORE, BUT WE'D
BETTER CHECK.

GOOD! THAT MEANS HE'LL HAVE TO
LEAN RIGHT ACROSS, AND I'LL
HAVE TO MOVE FAST!

I KICKED HIM HARD—

EEEEAAAAARGH!

WHA—?

AND HE LEFT BY THE WINDOW.

EEEEAAAAARGH!



TULSE WENT BACKWARDS OVER A CHAIR.
I REACHED THE DOOR ONLY JUST IN TIME.





NO TIME TO USE THE LIFT — AND IT COULD BE A TRAP IF SOMEONE'S SMART ENOUGH TO HIT AN EMERGENCY STOP BUTTON.



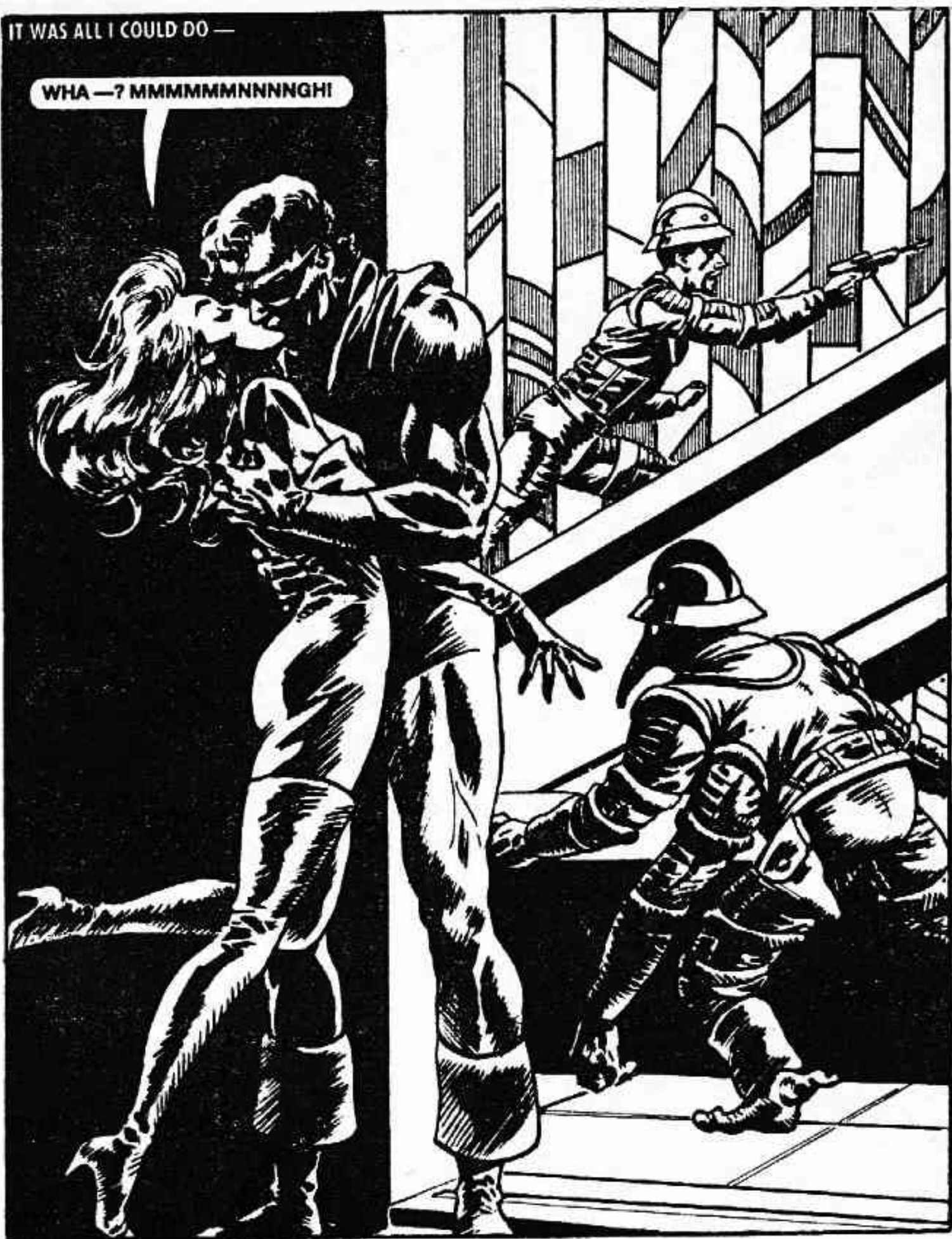
PART OF THE WAY DOWN I HEARD THE COPS ENTER THE BUILDING BELOW.

MUST HAVE BEEN A HOVER PATROL VEHICLE CLOSE BY. MY LUCK'S OUT — UNLESS ...

WHAT'S GOING ON?

IT WAS ALL I COULD DO —

WHA —? MMMMMNNNGHI



ONCE THE COPS HAD GONE ON—

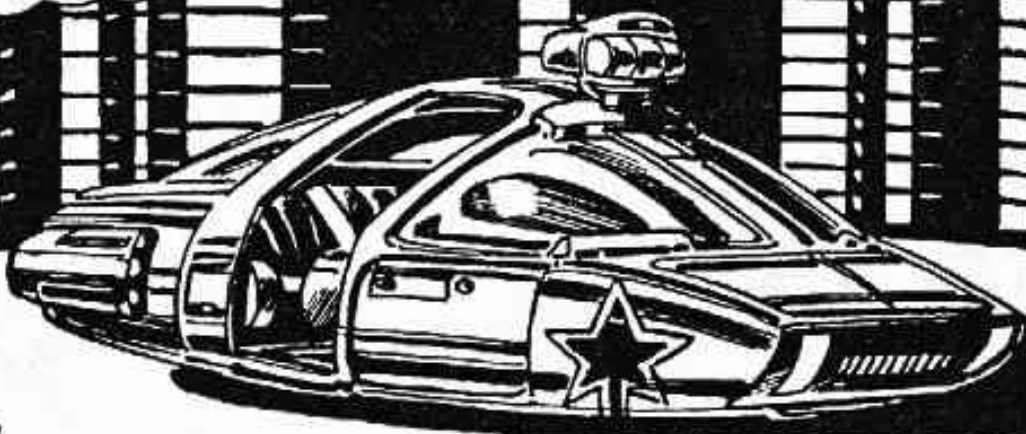
WH... WH... WHAT?

KISS-O-GRAMS LTD., MA'AM!
I'M ON A TRAINING
PROGRAMME!



WHEN I HIT THE HOVER-PARK LEVEL—

THOSE COPS MUST'VE BEEN IN
A HURRY! AND I NEED SPEED,
SO—



NOW TO GET BACK TO MY ROOMS
AND GRAB THAT MAGNASTORE!
MY TIME IN PARVAN CITY IS JUST
ABOUT UP. THIS WHOLE PLACE
WILL BE HUMMING WITHIN A VERY
SHORT TIME.



BACK IN MY ROOMS I DID
SOME FAST THINKING.

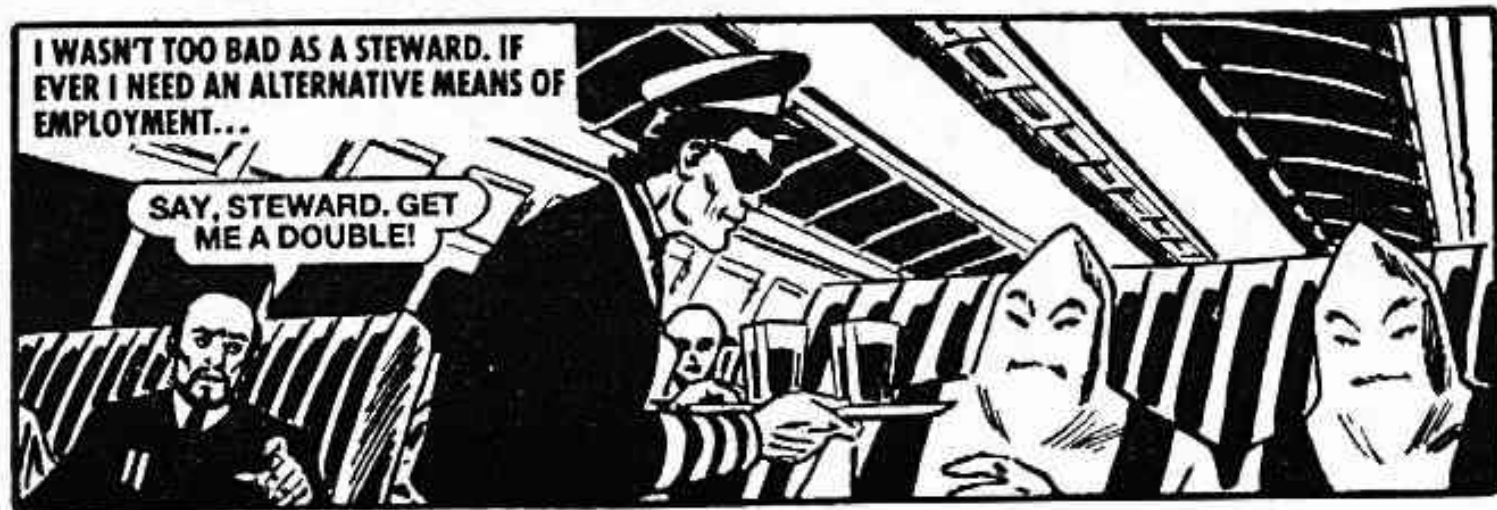
I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO NEW
MOSCOW. BUT THEY'LL HAVE
THE DOMESTIC AIRPORT TIED
UP. ON THE OTHER HAND
THERE'S NO REAL
ALTERNATIVE...



THE CHECK-OUT POINTS WERE THE
REAL HEADACHE, SO I AVOIDED
THOSE...

ONLY ONE WAY I'M GOING
TO GET A FLIGHT OUT OF
HERE...





I'D HAVE BEEN CHOKED UP WITH
NOSTALGIA WHEN I GOT BACK TO MY OLD
PAD — IF I'D HAD THE TIME ...

M.R. KAYN
PRIVATE
INVESTIGATOR

LONG TIME NO SEE, OLD
BUDDY. YOU'RE ALL TIED-IN
WITH THE DEPARTMENT OF
JUSTICE BECAUSE OF THE
WORK WE DID WITH THEM IN
THE OLD DAYS, SO WE'LL FEED
THIS INFO RIGHT INTO THEIR
MEMORY BANKS.

TOO MANY PEOPLE KNOW ME AT THE
DEPARTMENT, SO I HAVE TO FACE MARVIN
HOOP AT HIS HOME. HE'S THE KING-PIN IN THIS
RACKET BUT I NEED TO USE HIM BEFORE I
BLOW HIS OPERATION WIDE OPEN ...



I CAN'T SAY HE WAS EXACTLY HAPPY TO SEE ME.

KAYN! ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? YOU'RE KNOWN HERE IN NEW MOSCOW.

COOL IT, HOOP. YOU'VE GOT BIGGER PROBLEMS — AND SO HAVE I. SIT DOWN AND LISTEN.

TULSE HAS AMBITIONS. HE'S PLANNING TO BLACKMAIL YOU WITH ALL THE RECORDS HE TRANSFERRED ONTO A MAGNASTORE. I'VE TAKEN IT. I HAND IT OVER TO YOU WHEN TULSE IS REMOVED. MY NECK IS ON THE LINE AS WELL AS YOURS, HOOP, AND I THINK YOUR SECURITY STINKS!

CAN YOU PROVE ANY OF THIS, KAYN?



I WAS BANKING HEAVILY ON TULSE BEING TOO SCARED OF THE BIG MAN TO ADMIT THE THEFT OF THE MAGNASTORE — I WAS RIGHT!



SEE WHAT I MEAN? HERE ARE YOUR RECORDS, HOOP. I COULD HAVE TRIED BLACKMAILING YOU MYSELF, BUT I'M TOO SMART.

YOU'RE RIGHT, KAYN. TULSE WILL HAVE TO BE REMOVED ALONG WITH HIS TEAM. I OWE YOU. STAY OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL THIS BLOWS OVER.



I DID. WHILE I WAS HOLED UP SAFE, A BLOOD-BATH TOOK PLACE IN PARVAN STATE AS HOOP ARRANGED FOR THE SLAUGHTER OF ALL TULSE'S KNOWN ASSOCIATES...

... POLICE ARE PUZZLED BECAUSE THERE SEEMS TO BE NO OBVIOUS LINK IN ANY OF THE MURDERS TAKING PLACE IN PARVAN STATE. IT SEEMS LIKE THE HISTORICAL GANG-WARS OF EARLY AMERICA ALL OVER AGAIN.



ABOUT TIME FOR ME TO GO SEE LARS KORVEN.

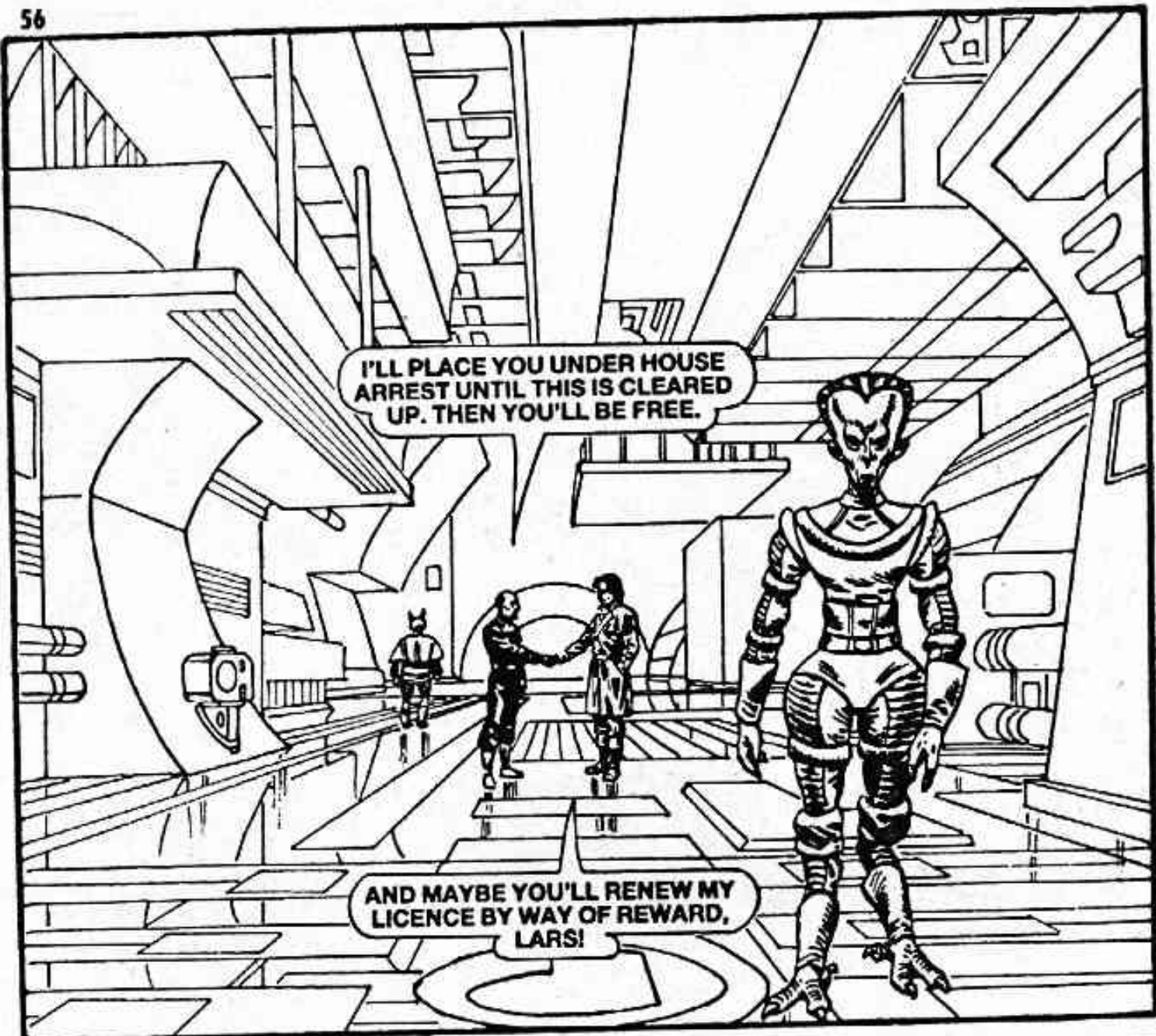
ONCE LARS HAD GOT OVER THE SHOCK OF SEEING ME ALIVE, I TOLD HIM THE WHOLE STORY.

AND YOU SAY THE RECORDS ARE ON OUR COMPUTERS RIGHT NOW? IT'S UNBELIEVEABLE, KAYN.

I FED THEM IN MYSELF. YOU HAVE ALL THE EVIDENCE YOU NEED TO PICK UP HOOP RIGHT NOW.

ONLY ONE PROBLEM, KAYN. YOU'RE ON A MURDER CHARGE. NOTHING CAN CHANGE THAT. I HAVE TO PULL YOU IN ALONG WITH HOOP AND HIS THUGS.

YEAH! WELL, THAT'S A PROBLEM. ANGIE WAS MEANT TO COME FORWARD AND CLEAR ME. WE SET THE WHOLE THING UP. SHE MUST HAVE GOT SCARED OR BEEN GOT AT. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS MAKE A PUBLIC ANNOUNCEMENT ONCE HOOP IS INSIDE. SHE'LL COME FORWARD.

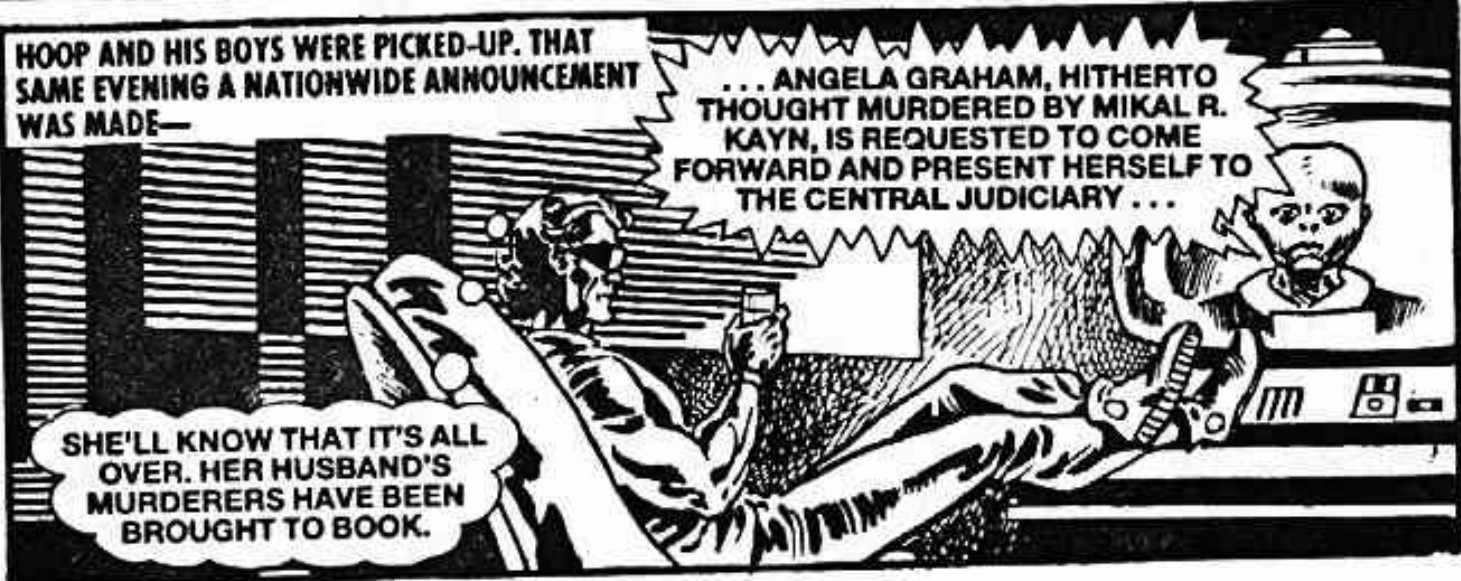


I'LL PLACE YOU UNDER HOUSE ARREST UNTIL THIS IS CLEARED UP. THEN YOU'LL BE FREE.

AND MAYBE YOU'LL RENEW MY LICENCE BY WAY OF REWARD, LARS!

HOOP AND HIS BOYS WERE PICKED-UP. THAT SAME EVENING A NATIONWIDE ANNOUNCEMENT WAS MADE—

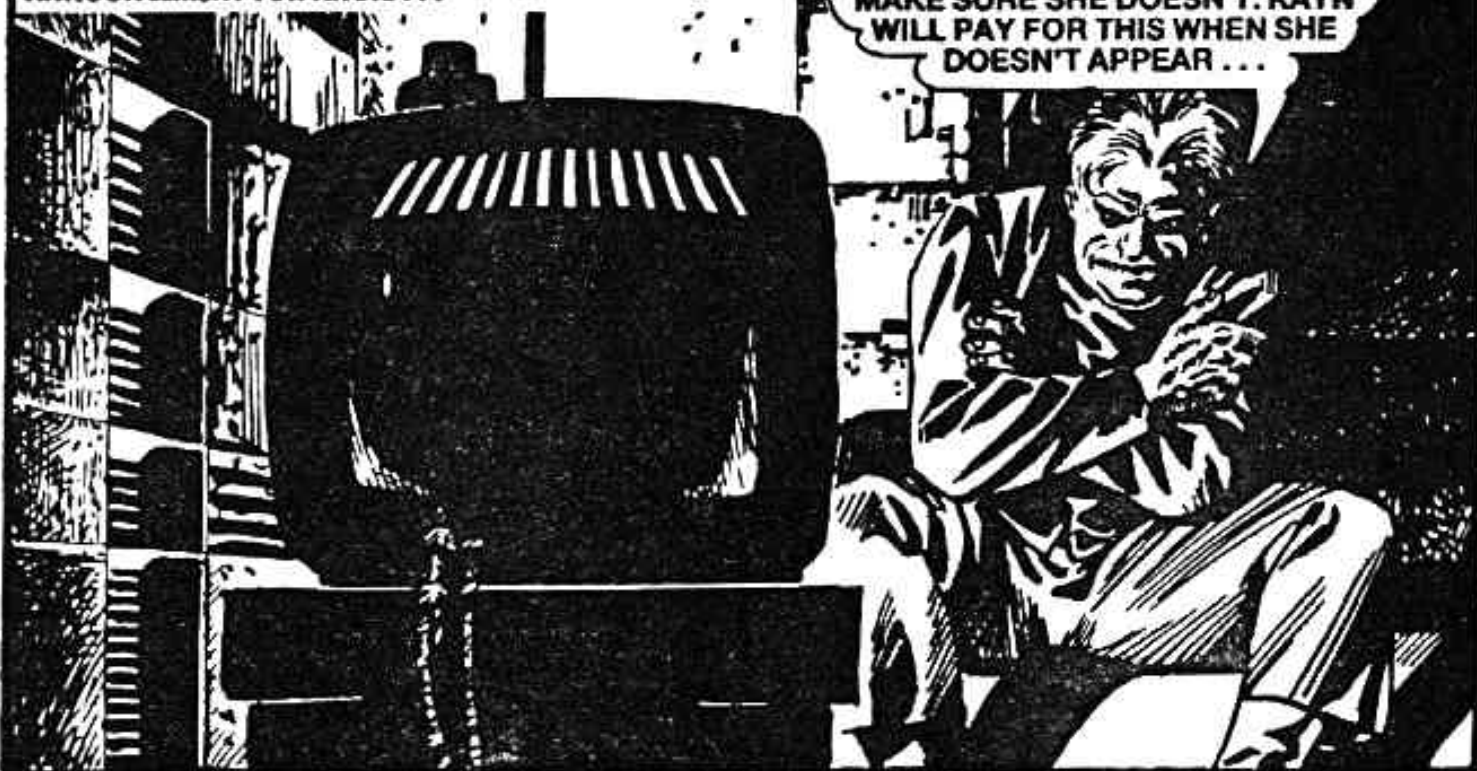
... ANGELA GRAHAM, HITHERTO THOUGHT MURDERED BY MIKAL R. KAYN, IS REQUESTED TO COME FORWARD AND PRESENT HERSELF TO THE CENTRAL JUDICIARY ...



SHE'LL KNOW THAT IT'S ALL OVER. HER HUSBAND'S MURDERERS HAVE BEEN BROUGHT TO BOOK.

I THOUGHT TULSE HAD BEEN TAKEN CARE OF BY HOOP'S BOYS. I WAS WRONG. I LEARNED MUCH LATER THAT HE'D CLEARED OUT RIGHT AFTER THE CALL FROM HOOP! AND HE'D SEEN THE SAME NATIONWIDE ANNOUNCEMENT FOR ANGIE ...

THAT GRAHAM WOMAN COMES FROM MILO MAINZ STATE. CHANCES ARE SHE'LL SHOW HERSELF TO THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT THERE. WELL, I'LL MAKE SURE SHE DOESN'T. KAYN WILL PAY FOR THIS WHEN SHE DOESN'T APPEAR ...



TULSE WAS RIGHT, AND ANGIE NEVER MADE IT TO THE JUDICIARY.

EASY, LADY. YOU'RE COMING WITH ME. ONE WRONG MOVE AND YOU'RE REALLY DEAD!



I GOT THE CALL FROM TULSE
THE SAME EVENING.

ANGIE GRAHAM WON'T BE
APPEARING. YOU'RE DEAD.

•TRACE

KEEP HIM TALKING — MUST GET THE
COMPUTER TO GET A FIX ON HIM...

YOU THOUGHT HOOP HAD
TAKEN ME OUT. WRONG. I'M
TAKING YOU OUT. SO LONG
KAYN. BEEN NICE KNOWING
YOU.

THE LINE WENT DEAD. BUT I CAME ALIVE!

COMPUTER! TRANSFER
THAT LOCATION TO THE
SHIP. I'M TAKING A LITTLE
TRIP, BABY.

UNLIKELY. YOU HAVE VISITORS.
BUT I SHALL DO AS
REQUESTED...

AS USUAL, MY SMART-MOUTHED
COMPUTER WAS RIGHT! I HAD
VISITORS ...


THERE'S BEEN NO RESPONSE,
KAYN. I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU
IN. IF ANGIE GRAHAM WAS
ALIVE, WE'D HAVE HEARD
SOMETHING BY NOW.

ARGUMENTS ARE GOING TO
BE A WASTE OF TIME. I
DIDN'T RECORD TULSE'S
CALL, SO I HAVE NO PROOF.
ONLY ONE THING FOR IT ...



A QUICK RAP IN KORVEN'S
TEETH CLEARED THE WAY.

CAUGHT ME AT AN AWKWARD MOMENT,
LARSI CAN'T STOP!



KORVEN'S VEHICLE WAS WAITING OUTSIDE. IT GOT ME TO MY SHIP AT THE SPACEPORT.

NO LECTURES ABOUT LAW AND ORDER, COMPUTER — JUST FLASH UP THOSE CO-ORDINATES AND GET THIS THING MOVING!

I WASN'T GOING TO SAY A THING. A WORD OF THANKS ABOUT KEEPING YOUR CRAFT FUELLED AND READY IN YOUR ABSENCE MIGHT NOT GO AMISS...

TRAVELLING TIME TO MILO MAINZ IS NORMALLY AROUND THREE CLIX. THIS TIME I MADE IT IN TWO-AND-A-HALF. AS WE HOMED IN ON THE WESTERN, PARTLY COLONIZED AREA —

TULSE MUST HAVE HAD BUSINESS INTERESTS IN THIS OLD MINERAL-ANALYSIS COMPLEX. CHECK OUT THAT BUILDING — ANY SIGN OF MORE THAN ONE HUMAN ABOUT?

YES! TWO. THE WOMAN IS STILL ALIVE.



AS WE CLOSED IN, MY TRUSTY COMPUTER GAVE ME ALL THE DETAILS I NEEDED.

THEY'RE BOTH ON THE UPPER LEVEL. ANGIE'S IN THE NORTH-EAST ROOM. THAT'S ALL I NEED. TAKE OVER CONTROLS AND CIRCLE. I'M USING THE PARAGLIDER.

THE STRESSED NYLOSTEEL OF THE PARAGLIDER ALLOWED FOR PRETTY ACCURATE MANOEUVRABILITY.

I NEED LOTS OF SPEED COMING IN ... PLENTY OF IMPETUS SO'S I CAN HIT THIS HARNESS RELEASE.

5

I DON'T KNOW WHAT HIT TULSE FIRST —
SURPRISE, OR MY BLAST!

WHA —? ARRGH!

I'M NOT KILLING YOU, TULSE. I
WANT TO SEE YOU FACE A TRIAL!
BUT THIS'LL STOP YOU GOING
ANYWHERE FOR A WHILE.

I HIT THE NORTH-EAST ROOM. HE HAD ANGIE IN A
GAMCHECK THE KIND OF THING THAT'S USED FOR
RESTRAINING ANIMALS.

OKAY, ANGIE! STAY COOL.
I'LL HIT THE POWER AND
WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE.
THOSE GRAVITY AND
MOVEMENT CHECKS HAVE
NO PERMANENT EFFECT ...



OKAY! I'LL JUST
GRAB TULSE AND—

NO! NO TIME. GET OUT OF
HERE — NOW! THE
WINDOW!

THE URGENCY OF HER VOICE
CONVINCED ME. LUCKILY
THERE WAS A SLOPING LEAN-
TOP ROOF OUTSIDE!

HE WAS ABOUT TO
LEAVE. HE WIRED THE
HOUSE SO THAT
ANYONE ENTERING MY
ROOM WOULD TRIP A
DETONATOR ...

MAYBE THREE SECONDS LATER — NO MORE—


BY THE WAY, WHERE WERE YOU
WHEN I NEEDED YOU?

OH, MIKAL. I HAD A NERVOUS
BREAKDOWN AND BY THE TIME I
WAS BACK TO NORMAL YOU HAD
BEEN EXECUTED.

AND I THOUGHT LARS KORVEN WOULD BE HAPPY TO SEE ME!

HERE'S ANGIE GRAHAM, LARS.
I'M IN THE CLEAR, AND—

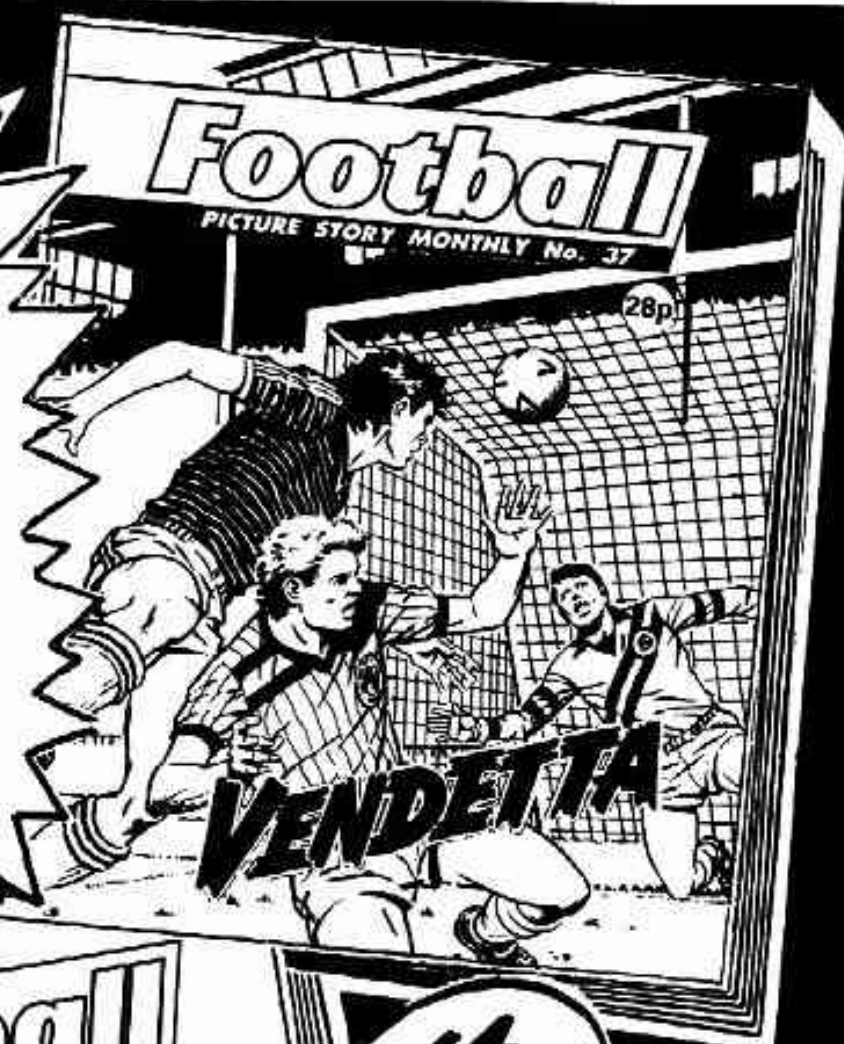
IN THE CLEAR! DO YOU KNOW HOW
MUCH IT COST ME TO GET MY TEETH
CAPPED, KAYN?



WELL, YOU ARE GOING TO PAY BACK EVERY CRED.
YOU'RE BACK ON SERVING SUMMONSES, KAYN, AND
YOU DON'T GET YOUR LICENCE BACK
UNTIL EVERY LAST CRED IS PAID!

BACK TO SQUARE ONE!

**TWO
GREAT
FOOTBALL
PICTURE
STORY
LIBRARIES
EVERY
MONTH!**



**64
PAGES
EACH**

PLUS
A FULL COLOUR
MINI PIN-UP...
...AND A PAGE
OF FOOTBALL
FUNNIES...
IN EVERY ISSUE!

NOW ON SALE

28p

CITIZEN KAYN

Kayn, Mikal R. had been a private eye for longer than he cared to remember and now it was time to renew his investigating licence. Due to some dubious contacts and an unorthodox style of detection, the Justice Department refused to renew his licence. He was no longer a crime-buster, just a civilian, plain Citizen Kayn.



..... A MIKAL R. KAYN STORY A MIKAL R.